

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1813.

[NO. 17]

The Intelligent Traveller ;

OR,
HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued.)

THE warmest expressions of gratitude burst from the lips of Mrs. Lushington, whom I offered to attend to her husband's dreary abode ; and, as we were only a short distance from it, I quitted her for a few minutes, and discharged my coach. During our short walk, I requested her to inform me what had occasioned the fainting fit ; when, after some little hesitation, she informed me that it had been produced by terror and apprehension.—"To support the wants of my beloved Henry, Sir," said she, "whose health has been materially injured by distress of mind, I have obtained work from a child-bed linen warehouse, which I carry home once a week. The first time I went there, a gentleman was in close conversation with the mistress of it, and, upon my requesting permission to speak with her, he retired into an inner room, and remained there until I had completed my business. When I waited upon this lady, I carried a letter from the keeper of the prison's wife, who kindly mentioned me in terms of approbation, and was the means of obtaining me sufficient employ. Delighted at the prospect of being able to procure the necessaries of life for my beloved husband, through the exertion of my own hands, I had nearly reached the gate of the prison, when I was overtaken by the gentleman I had seen in the shop. I will not, Sir, attempt to repeat all the fine, or rather wicked, things he said to me ; which shocked, rather than gratified, my feelings ; but I must tell you, that he offered two hundred a year to me, if I would quit my Henry, and take up my residence with him.

"I treated the proposal, Sir, as the greatest insult ; and rang with violence at the gate of the prison, which I entered with more pleasure than if it had been a palace ; for there I knew I was safe from the artifices of this wicked and abandoned gentleman. Not to trespass, Sir, upon your patience, I have never quitted the walls of the Fleet without encountering my persecutor—for I cannot call him by a softer name—though he has not only offered to obtain my husband's enlargement, but to get him a place under government, provided I would consent to his vile proposals, and only let him apparently visit at our house as a friend. Finding it out of his power to destroy my virtuous principles, and that no persuasion could induce me to deviate from the path of rectitude, he was resolved to adopt a different method ; and this morning made use of force ; for I had not got twenty yards from the prison, when I was surrounded by four ill-looking men, one of whom accosted me with—"Ah, madam, have I found you at last ?" and so saying, attempted to force me into a coach, which had evidently been engaged for the purpose of carrying me

off. Providence, however, generously enabled me to resist the vicious design ; and the penetrating shrieks I uttered having collected a mob around me, they sprang into the carriage which was in waiting, and were soon out of sight ; when, overcome by the conflict of my feelings, I fell senseless upon the pavement, and am ignorant of what ensued afterwards, until recovering my senses, I found myself under your protection."

I eagerly enquired whether her husband had been made acquainted with the proposals she had received from this licentious man. "Not for the world, Sir," she replied, "would I have made him acquainted with them, for then, indeed, his cup of misery would have been filled ; and I implored you not to inform him by what accident we met." As Mrs. Lushington made this request, we arrived at the gate of the prison, which was already open to admit some guest ; and, in the spot allotted to the porter, I perceived her husband standing. A hectic glow of pleasure suffused his pallid countenance, as he perceived her enter within the gloomy walls : "My love," said he, in the softest accents, "I have been terrified with apprehension at your staying so long ;" then perceiving she was followed by a person whom he did not at first sight recognise, with an air of confusion and embarrassment, he raised his hat.

"I feared," replied the attached wife, "you would be alarmed at my unusual absence ; but accident, my dear Henry, threw this gentleman in my way. You cannot have forgotten our fellow-traveller, that seemed so warmly interested in our fate, when that vile Mr. Wilkinson accompanied us up to London."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Sir," said the unfortunate Lushington. "No, my dear, I trust I shall never forget unmerited kindness ; and the sympathy that gentleman then displayed, I assure you, made an indelible impression upon my mind." I could not have conceived that anxiety, without indisposition, could have made such a striking alteration in the human form ; for his clothes actually hung about him, and he appeared scarcely to have sufficient strength to ascend the flight of stairs. The room into which I was conducted, was the complete emblem of poverty ; two chairs and a small deal table were all the furniture it contained, except a small bed, which was rolled up in one corner of it, and in part concealed by a patchwork curtain. Each inhabitant of this miserable dwelling, apologised for its forlorn appearance ; when, forcing a smile upon my countenance, I informed them, I flattered myself with the hope of soon seeing them in a much better situation.

Wishing to raise poor Lushington from the state of dejection into which he had fallen, without alarming the feelings of his wife, I pretended unusual hunger : and intreated her to procure some cold beef and ham from the larder ; putting a note into her hand, and imploring her to pardon the liberty I was taking. The moment this unfortunate young woman quitted the apartment, I pointed out the folly

poor Lushington was guilty of, in yielding to despair ; and concluded, by assuring him I thought the improper mode of conduct Wilkinson had adopted at the auction, would be the means of insuring his release.

"Death, Sir, will release me from his persecution, I feel, in a short time ; for since I have been in this abode of wretchedness, I have never had two hours sleep ; my appetite is totally gone, and the anxiety of mind I have suffered, has brought on an internal complaint I was subject to at an early period of life. Any misfortune that had fallen singly upon me, I could have borne with resignation ; but, when I reflect upon having been the cause of misery to her whom I love far dearer than my own existence, the very thought of it actually almost drives me frantic.—We were united in opposition to the wishes of her father, who was anxious for her marrying an old gentleman of large fortune in the neighbourhood ; and, to prevent the force which was threatened to induce her compliance, the adored girl threw herself into my arms ; and from that fatal day her father has refused to see her, or give her the most trifling support. I still hope, however, when this body, which is hourly sinking to its original dust, can no longer share the kindness he might be inclined to display towards her, that he will again receive her under his parental roof."

As Mr. Lushington said this, he was prevented from proceeding, by the entrance of the object of his affection, followed by a woman, who waited upon the prisoners, with a tray, containing two plates of beef and ham, with a pot of porter.

"You have been weeping, my beloved !" exclaimed the anxious husband, in an affectionate tone of voice : "for Heaven's sake tell me, who, or what, has occasioned those tears ?"

"Why you must know, Sir," replied the attendant, "Mrs. Lushington happened to see two coffins carrying through the yard, and the sight of them has quite overpowered her, as I may say ; though, the Lord knows, it is what we all must come to ; but, for sure and for sartin, the fever that was brought into the prison, by that foreign count you must have heard of, has been very fatal within these two or three days ; it has made fine work both for the doctors and undertakers ; for a matter of seventeen have died."

Poor Lushington lived so totally secluded from his fellow prisoners, that he had neither heard of the foreign count, or the fever which he had brought into the gaol ; and when the woman finished her account, he raised his expressive eyes to heaven, exclaiming, "Oh God ! in mercy spare my beloved Anna's life !" then, seizing her by the hand, with a grasp of tenderness, "Promise me, my life," said he, "that you will not quit this room."—"What do you demand a week for waiting upon the prisoners, Mrs. Williams ?" he enquired, taking a watch from his pocket, for the purpose of convincing her he had the power of paying her for the services she performed.

"Oh, that, Sir," replied Mrs. Williams, "depends upon what I does for them; if I cooks their victuals, goes of errands, and cleans their room, why then I has five shillings; but if I only goes of errands, I am contented with half a crown."

"The cooking and cleaning the room, is an occupation for me," rejoined Mrs. Lushington; "and the going on my few errands was an amusement: but I will promise any thing you require, my dearest Henry, if it will set your heart at ease."

I took leave of this attached and unfortunate couple, with sensations difficult to be described; and, upon reaching the massive gate, enquired of the porter whether seventeen persons had recently died? indulging the hope, that the loquacious Mrs. Williams had exaggerated. The account, however, proved too true; and the porter informed me, that a committee was then assembled, for the purpose of adopting the most likely methods of stopping the contagion: "and last night," said he, "Sir, the governor assembled all the poorer prisoners into the committee room, and gave each a quarter of a pound of tobacco, with positive orders to smoke in their rooms."

(To be continued.)

THE HAPPY STRATAGEM.

A TALE.

From the French.

(Concluded from our last.)

MONTVAL affected at first, to treat the adventure as a frolic; but as they steered further out to sea, and seemed to make for a remote island, where Isabel knew that Montval had a small and desolate Chateau, she gave herself up for lost, and filled the air with the most heart-rending shrieks. Heaven, touched by her sincere agony of heart, deigned to send her succour in a most unexpected manner. A Barbary corsair having been obliged, on account of contrary winds, to take that course, pursued the vessel in which was the base Montval, and his helpless victim. Their force being far superior, they had little difficulty in securing the prize. Judging, by the magnificence of their dress, that they were persons of consequence, they cautiously avoided wounding or hurting any of the crew; but contented themselves with securing the women in a private part of the ship, until they should arrive at their destined port and be enabled to dispose of them to the best advantage.

Montval, however, rendered desperate by this sudden reverse of fortune, assailed his enemies with such fury, that they no longer hesitated, but rushed on him with their sabres; and, after mortally wounding him, threw his body into the sea.

Florian, who had successfully exerted himself in clearing the coast of the barbarians so much dreaded; and finding that time and absence only heightened his passion for the lovely Isabel, determined on visiting again his native land; his fame was too well established for such a determination to subject him to the imputation of cowardice; and the only fear his bosom knew, was that of finding Isabel, of whom he had lately received no intelligence, given in marriage to another. For this purpose he was pursuing his way home, when the

corsair appeared in sight. Determined to pursue his good fortune to the last, he made preparation to attack; and having succeeded in bringing her too, his men commenced the engagement with such steadiness and intrepidity, as soon threw the Moors into confusion. Florian, taking advantage of this, ordered his men to board, himself leading them on with dauntless intrepidity. Their success was adequate to their valour, and Florian soon made himself master of the corsair. His first care was to send his lieutenant to liberate the christian captives who might be confined below. The young man gladly executed the welcome commission. He soon distinguished Isabel by her touching beauty, and timidly he accosted her with respect, and assured her that she had fallen into honourable and humane hands.

Isabel was too much depressed by recent calamities to be much encouraged by the sudden transition, but passively suffered him to lead her on deck, where Florian stood giving orders respecting the prisoners. He turned round as she passed, and, in an instant recognizing her, threw himself at her feet, with an exclamation of astonishment and joy, which recalled her senses and filled her with inconceivable rapture. Florian!—Isabel!—was uttered by the faithful lovers in tones that sufficiently revealed how dear they were to each other, and an affectionate embrace convinced each of the reality of that, which they almost fancied an illusion of the senses.

As soon as Isabel was restored to composure, and safely accommodated in Florian's cabin, she related to him the particulars of an adventure which had threatened such fatal consequences, but had now ended so happily to both. No accident occurred during the remainder of the voyage; they reached their native place in safety, and the transports of their aged parents may be better imagined than described at this unlooked-for event.

Having now no longer any motive for concealing his sentiments, Florian threw himself at the feet of Sebastian, "Beloved father," said he, "my probation is completed: I have acquired wealth and reputation: now will I confess to you the chief object for which I coveted the distinctions of fortune: it was that I might be thought worthy of the adorable Isabel! grant me your permission to make my sentiments known to her, and my happiness will be complete, my utmost wishes gratified."—"Mighty well," replied the old man, smiling in the midst of his tears, "and so the grand secret is out; this is the cause of all your proud high-flown notions,"—"I confess it," returned Florian, an honest blush rising on his cheek, "Isabel is dear to me, has ever been so, and she is willing to recompense me for the long self-denial I have enjoyed myself."—"Ah! it is all very fine," said the old man, "but supposing Isabel to be a poor girl, you would look plaguily crest-fallen, I warrant."—"I call heaven to witness," exclaimed Florian with energy, "it would but increase my love to have the power of exalting her!"—"Then thou shalt have that power," rejoined Sebastian, "for know, dear Florian, that I am not thy father! Isabel is my child! Leonard and Augusta are the parents of the amiable and gallant Florian."

The young hero was at first too much astonished to credit this assertion, but when it was most solemnly repeated by his real father and mother, his joy was increased to its highest pitch; he embraced his lovely Isabel with ardour, and drew from her a blushing consent

to become his bride. Every thing being speedily arranged, the marriage was solemnized with suitable splendor; and the venerable friends, Leonard and Sebastian, never ceased to congratulate themselves on the result of their Happy Stratagem.

THE MINIATURE.

A FRAGMENT.

IT was near the close of a fine day in June—as I entered, I observed, a group of young girls surrounding Moses, the attendant of the place, who was employed in taking the Profile of one of them with the patent machine at the west end of the Museum.

The beautiful arrangement of the various objects of curiosity drew me insensibly from room to room, until a sob near me drew my attention. Looking round I observed a little miss, who held a miniature in one hand, and seemed to be attentively comparing it with a profile which she held in the other; while the pearly tear trickled down her cheek. I approached her, and asked her why she cried? "They have taken away my mama, and this is all that is left," said she, holding out the miniature; "but papa says she is now an angel—Mama used 'to say, that angels took care of little children; but she never comes to watch me when I go to bed."

"Lovely cherub," said I, "heaven always draws the curtains of protection around the couch of innocence."

A gentleman now approached; whose sable garments denoted the loss of a relative—He stooped to kiss away the tear from the cheek of the girl, but the attempt failed—his tears mingled with hers, and they fell together upon the miniature.

Here was a subject worthy the pen of a Sterne. The resemblance of the sainted wife, the tender mother, moistened with the mingled tears of the father and the child.

Nature was not to be turned from her purpose—a tear, in spite of my efforts, sought a channel down my cheek—I brush'd it away with the corner of my handkerchief, and, to hide my weakness, rushed with precipitation from the room.

Variety.

The following CURIOUS TRIAL took place on Wednesday last the 24th inst. in the Justices Court of the city of New-York, on the business of House-Rent.

SOMERS vs. WOOLBRIDGE.

Sampson for the Plaintiff—Anthon for the Defendant.

THE plaintiff claimed a quarter's rent of a house in Cherry-street due the 1st instant, amounting to *forty two dollars*, or thereabouts.

The defence was, that the house was haunted by ghosts, and, therefore, untenable by man.

The defendant proved that he hired and took possession of the house on the 1st of May, not knowing that it had the reputation of being inhabited by supernatural beings; that soon after, a burning candle, placed on a mantlepiece, went out without any assignable cause! That on being again lighted, it went out in a similar way!! That a third attempt terminated in the same manner, with this addition, that on the extinguishment of the candle, the witness, who was the person holding it, was violently seized by the arm (by an invisible hand) and turned completely around!!

That the family, being alarmed by such unaccountable events and also by finding, in closets about the house, and else where "dead men's bones," and understanding that the house had the reputation of being haunted before the family went in, and while unoccupied, the defendant had deserted the house, because his family, not fond of having co-tenants of such a description, could not live in it with peace and without fear.—It appears that the plaintiff, before he hired the house to defendant, knew the reputation of his house, but did not communicate it to the tenant. Some witnesses deposed, that while the house was unoccupied, they had several times observed a "blue flame" on the same mantelpiece, which, though it continued burning, communicated no light to the windows—that this attracted the attention of people passing, gathered numbers of spectators about the house and fixed upon it the reputation of a *haunted house*. The jury retired under the charge of the court, and returned with a verdict of *ten dollars* as a compensation to plaintiff for the time defendant had occupied his house before he was routed by the ghosts!!! [Mercantile Adv.]

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers, whence are thy beams, O sun! whence thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky. The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou, thou thyself, movest alone! Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall, the mountains themselves decay with years, the ocean shrinks and grows again, the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course! When the world is dark with tempests; when the thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern cloud, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west!

SHOCKING.

LATELY at Lingfield in Surry, (Eng) the wife of a laborer named Davis, having gone out early in the morning, left an infant, fourteen months old, in the cradle—on her return, she found the child dreadfully mangled; one eye torn out of the socket, its arms, face, and neck much lacerated, and struggling for breath, as if oppressed with a weight. On turning around the clothes, the agonized mother perceived that it was occasioned by the cat, which, with her kitten, had found the way into the cradle; and probably being annoyed by the playfulness of the infant, had reduced it to the above state.

SELECT PASSAGES.

Good-breeding necessarily implies civility; but civility does not reciprocally imply good-breeding. The former has its intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns and often doubles by its workmanship.

My Lord Bacon says, "that a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation." It is certainly an agreeable fore-runner of merit, and smooths the way for it.

A genteel manner of behaviour, how trifling soever it may seem, is of the utmost consequence in private life. Men of very inferior parts have been esteemed, merely for their genteel carriage and good-breeding, while sensible men have given disgust for want of it. There is something or other that prepossesses us at first sight in favour of a well-bred man, and makes us wish to like him.

Negligence of one's person not only implies an insufferable indolence, but an indifference whether we please or not. In others, it betrays an insolence and affectation, arising from a presumption that they are sure of pleasing, without having recourse to those means which many are obliged to use.

COMMUNICATION.

If the Editor of the New-York Weekly Museum thinks the following worthy of insertion in his agreeable Miscellany, he will confer a favor on a Subscriber.

AMONG the many improvements that have been made in the System of Education in this enlightened age, it surprises me that there is not more attention paid to a correct habit of Pronunciation. Among boys particularly there is nothing in their subsequent studies could be more useful; nor any thing in an advanced period of life more difficult to attain. Many sensible parents are not aware of this; and tho' anxious that their son should improve in every branch of science, are content if he acquires the theoretical knowledge of Composition, and regard but little his common habit of conversation; and frequently he acquires a vicious manner of pronunciation which he will carry thro' life. Should this boy be intended for the pulpit or the bar, it must be obvious to all how very detrimental it must be to him: (tho' there may be some solitary instances of persons, who by unremitting labour have overcome it.) He will never speak with that fluency or ease, which he might have possessed, had his manner of speaking been attended to in his childhood. Then he would have had only to attend to the matter of his discourse, now his whole attention is occupied with the manner of it. These sentiments were forcibly impressed on my mind by reading an advertisement of the celebrated Mrs. MELMOTH's; in which she informs the public, that having retired from her profession she intends to devote her leisure to the instruction of boys in English grammar and correct pronunciation. The place of her residence being so convenient to the city (at Brooklyn) and her abilities so well known, and at the same time the line which she has chosen (on reflection) so necessary, she will, no doubt meet with all the encouragement she merits, for her novel undertaking.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

BY the arrival of a Swedish brig at Rhode-Island from Gottenburgh, information was received there by a pilot, that our ministers, bound to St. Petersburg, had anchored in Wingo Sound the 21st of June. The brig has despatches from our minister at St. Petersburg, and from the Russian government to their minister in this country. Nothing further by this arrival has transpired.

Accounts are said to have been received at Cadiz from the Mediterranean, that Morocco and Algiers were at war.

Accounts from Mexico state that the Republican Spaniards, aided by a considerable number of Americans under a major Perry from Connecticut, had defeated the Spanish Royalists with great slaughter, near the city of Antonio.

Accounts from Sackett's Harbour announce the arrival of Gen. Wilkinson at that place, and the second return of commodore Chauncey's fleet at the Harbour. The official letter of his first cruise has been published. He attributes the loss of the two schooners, as men-

tioned in our last, taken by the enemy, to disobedience of orders in their commanders, and in an "excess of zeal to do more than was required of them."

The British official account of our loss on lake Ontario has also been published. It agrees with ours about the loss of our vessels, but differs widely from it in the detail and views of its squadron.

We hear nothing of consequence from Fort George, Erie, or the Forts more westward. The Creeks, it is said, have got supplies of arms and ammunition from the Spaniards at Pensacola.

The enemy in the Chesapeake keep moving about as usual, and some apprehensions appear to be entertained for Annapolis.

On the coast, the enemy keep increasing their force, and doing much the same as they have done to the coasters and other vessels.

Several galleys, it is said, are building at New-London, to oppose the enemy's barges along shore and in the Sound.

The privateer brig Yankee, of 16 guns, has arrived at Rhode-Island, from her third cruise; in which she has captured seven valuable prizes, off the coast of Ireland, without the loss of a man either killed or wounded. This vessel brings a report from a Spanish vessel which she spoke, that the Essex frigate, capt. Porter, was at the river Plate the 25th of May, with a great amount of specie on board.

Five hundred recruits arrived here on Thursday from Brunswick, on their way to the Northern posts.

Two opposite reports respecting the President frigate have been very lately in circulation: the one that she has been taken, and the other that she has taken a British frigate. In these times Truth seems to be so discoloured and distorted as scarcely to be known even when she is most courted.

On Wednesday the 18th inst. the flag of truce brig Henry, capt. Crowninshield, arrived at Salem, with the bodies of captain JAMES LAWRENCE and lieutenant AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW, from Halifax in 5 days.—The Henry arrived with her colours half-mast, and on coming to anchor fired a salute of minute guns. The re-entombment of those brave men took place last Monday at Salem, with every possible mark of respect, by the attendance of the civil and military officers of the United States and the state of Massachusetts in that quarter; the Masonic Brethren, and the most respectable citizens of Salem and Boston.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. David Taylor, merchant of Boston, to Miss Chloe Ann Taylor, eldest daughter of Mr. I Taylor, merchant of this city.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Israel Pinkney, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Paff.

On Tuesday the 10th inst. by the rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. John Skillman of Williamsburg (L. I.) to Miss Susan Gardner, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Charles Gardner of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Caleb Tripp, to Miss Eliza H. Contoit, only daughter of Mr. John H. Contoit.

On Thursday evening last, (at Huntington, L. I.) by the rev. Mr. Schenk, Mr. Abner Chichester, merchant, of this city, to the most amiable Miss Iantha Sammis, daughter of the late capt. Sammis of the former place.

Obituary.

DIED,

On the 23d of inst. after a severe and lingering illness, which he sustained with christian meekness and resignation, in the 67th year of his age, Mr. Robert Hodge, an old printer and long a respectable bookseller in this city.

Wm. G. Holmes, in the 33d year of his age.

In the 67th of his age, John Ritter, esq. one of our most respectable citizens.

John Lage, Norwood, aged 28.

Mrs. Hannah Le Count, wife of John R. Le Count.

Mr. Wm. Coit, merchant, aged 47.

At Rhinebeck, Major Wm. Radcliff, aged 76.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Alex. Wilson, author of the American Ornithology and other literary works.

The City Inspector reports the death of 76 persons for the last week, ending the 21st instant.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE CHOICE.

I'D rather be some humble swain,
And toil for daily bread;
Than foremost in the paths of fame,
Her brightest laurels easy gain,
To crown my envied head.

What tho' obscure may be his lot,
And scant his homely fare;
Nor science fair illumine his cot,
If Piety but grace the spot,
He'll feel not want or care.

With him I'd rather climb the hill,
At dawn of early day;
And share his labours calm and still,
Than posts of high distinction fill,
Or flutter 'midst the gay.

When Night draws near in shadows long,
And darksome clouds appear;
With him I'd rather come along,
And listen to the birds' last song,
And FEEL that God is near.

Rather, far rather than enjoy
Or wealth or power or fame;
For power and wealth and fame can cloy,
And pleasures which have no alloy,
Are only worth the name.

M. A. W.

THE TEAR.

I TALK'D of the woes, of the days that are past,
Of afflictions and trials severe,
How the May-morn of life was with storms over cast,
How the blossoms of Hope were all nipt by the blast,
And beauty sat list'ning to hear.

Of hardships and dangers and many a wrong,
And of toils that beset me so near,
Of Treachery's snare and Ingratitude's tongue
I told—and 'twas pleasant the tale to prolong
For Beauty repaid with a Tear.

Ah! soft form of Beauty that gladdens the soul,
Is ought as thy sympathy dear,
When thy bright-beaming eyes with benignity roll,
When heaves thy full-bosom at Pity's controul,
And thy Roses are wash'd with a Tear.

When dark roll the clouds which o'er shadow our doom
When toils and when dangers appear,
When the storm-threat'ning waves all their terror
assum'd,
When the sun-beam of Hope breaking bright through
the gloom,
Then Beauty will shine through the Tear.

Yes, Beauty—thy Tear that from sympathy flows,
To manhood shall ever be dear,
'Tis the balm of all ill—and the cure of all woes,
And the heart-rankling wounds of remembrance shall
close,
Which Beauty has wash'd with a Tear.

NOT MARRIED AT ALL.

AN Hibernian once in a Limerick paper,
Advertis'd, cause his wife run away,
That she had set off with a fat Linen-draper,
And his debts, sure, he never would pay.

This caution he gave, that she might not be trusted
To the old and the young great and small,
If you e'er trust my wife, you will surely be
worsted,

"For we never were married at all!"

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE COMPLAINT.

OF all the wounds my aching heart,
'Mid woe unceasing feels,
'Tis that inflicts the deepest smart
The hand of Friendship deals.

My guileless heart suspects no foe
Where smiles bewitching rise;
But fir'd with purest love below,
I haste to snatch the prize.

Yet ah! how oft my dearest hope
Some cruel fate has cross'd!
Of faithless friends the shallow dupe,
My bliss was ever lost.

O tell me, fond, congenial swain,
Who love like me the fair,
What in your thought exceeds the pain,
The Frowns of Beauty bear?

What like neglect your bosom chills,
From her you've oft carest,
Whose smile with joy transporting fills
Each fibre of the breast?

'Twas thus I sigh'd, when late I met,
Young L. deceitful maid,
Whose heart till then on me was set,
My foolish fondness said.

But ah! the young coquette had seen
A youth more rich than me,
In gayer dress, of prouder mien,
And me no more she'd see.

But trust her not; anon she'll find
Some youth more rich than you;
Then will her avaricious mind
Say he alone shall woo.

Ah perjurd girl! who once deceives
And breaks her plighted faith,
No more my wounded soul believes,
That truth can fill her breast.

O give me, Heav'n, the maid divine,
Who sighs for me alone,
Or rich, or poor, she's ever mine,
And I am still her own.

M.

Morality.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL COMMUNICATION ON THE DISEASE OF SCOLDING.

(Concluded from our last.)

CURE.

VARIOUS remedies have been thought of for this distemper, but all hitherto of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the symptoms for the present, have a greater disposition toward the disorder than before. Among these the common people frequently prescribe the application of an oak-stick, a horse-whip, or a leather strap or belt, which, however, are all liable to the objection I have just stated. Others have recommended *argumentation*; but this, like inoculation, will not produce the desired effect, unless the patient be in some degree prepared to receive it. Some have advised a perfect silence in all persons who are near the patient; but I must say, that wherever I have seen this tried, it has rather heightened the disorder, by bringing on fits. The same thing may be said of *obedience*, or letting the patient have her own way. This is precisely like giving drink in a dropsical case, or curing a burning fever by throwing in great quantities of brandy.

As the chief intention of this paper was to prove that scolding is a disease, and not a fault, I shall not enlarge much on the mode of cure; because the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat the disorder *secundum artem*. I shall mention, however, the following prescription, which I never found to fail, if properly administered:

Take—Of *Common Sense*, thirty grains.
Decent Behaviour, one scruple.
Due Consideration, ten grains.

Mix, and sprinkle the whole with *one moment's thought*, to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.

By way of diet, though it is not necessary to restrict the patient to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them against strong or spirituous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

But it is now expedient that I should state a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this disorder, and which I have left till now, that my arguments on the subject may appear distinct, and may be comprehended under one view. It is commonly supposed, and indeed has often been asserted, that this disorder is peculiar to one only of the sexes; and I trust I need not to add, what sex that is. But although it may be true that they are most liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid down respecting the predisposing causes that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with scolding as we do females? For this plain reason:—scolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for discharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by fashion and certain confined modes of life, restrained from all those public companies, clubs, assemblies, coffee-houses, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of discharging the cause of the disorder, without its ever accumulating in so great a quantity as to produce the symptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only, is the cause why the disease appears most often in the female sex. I would propose, therefore, if I were a legislator, or if I had influence enough to set a fashion, that the ladies should in all respects imitate the societies of the men; that they should have their clubs, their coffee-houses, disputing societies, and even their parliaments. In such places they would be able to take that species of exercise that tends to keep down the disorder, which at present accumulates in confinement, and, when nature attempts a discharge, the explosion is attended with all the violence and irregularities I have before enumerated.

Thus much I have ventured to advance respecting scolding, and I hope that I shall succeed in abating the unreasonable prejudices which have been fostered by an affected superiority in our sex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to say the least, renders that superiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly disinterested, and that I shall be very happy to give advice to any person labouring under the disorder. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to

CELSUS BOERHAAVE, M. D.

Anecdotes.

GEOGRAPHY.

FOOTE who had a sovereign contempt for his wife, said to Murphy, you may learn geography from her face: on one side you may see the Blue Mountains; on the other the Black Forest: here the Red Sea, and here, pointing to his forehead, you may evidently behold the Rocks of Scilly.

MONKS.

SAUTEUIL was the first who let fly the shafts of satire against the monks. A native of Provence complained to an attorney at Paris that he had been cheated by a monk. "What Sir," says Sauteuil, who was present, "a man, of your years not to know the monks! There, are four things in the world you should always guard against; the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cart, and a monk on all sides."

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